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Toys

Dave Hoy*

*Iowa State University

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Toys

One evening down at the machine shed
I was tipping a few with the boys
We weren't raising hell
We were talking 'bout all our toys

You city folk might not understand
what I mean by that last line
so pull up a bucket and grab a beer
and listen to this story of mine

A toy is defined as something
your wife won't let you buy
like a 4000 pound winch for your truck
or the rope that you got from that guy

"Of course I got a deal on it, hon.
It was cheap at twice the price.
'How much was it?' Well, I traded
my spurs and those pink fuzzy dice."

"Where'd I get that new chainsaw?"
My old one stripped out its gears.
I traded that old bale fork we got.
A Stihl will last for years."

I traded an ax for an estwing
a halter for a bushel of corn
I received a couple powder river gates
for a steer and a lid that's never been worn.

She quizzed and prodded, fumed and yelled
I sat on the couch and sipped my drink
She went to the cupboard and grabbed a skillet
That's when I started to think

She might be mad I get such deals
She never gets these sales at the store
She held that pan like a samurai warrior
I nodded then went for the door

She dropped the pan and stopped in her tracks
When she saw my friend pull in
He had a brand new saddle in back
I knew he got cheaper than sin

She smiled and cried and ran to the truck
She said, "You remembered our anniversary!"
I stood there befuddled as she hugged the saddle
I said, "would I forget?.....Me?"

My friend knew I had no choice
He asked for payment in full
I thought of the skillet and the wrath of a woman
I gave him my prize-winning bull.

Dave Hoy